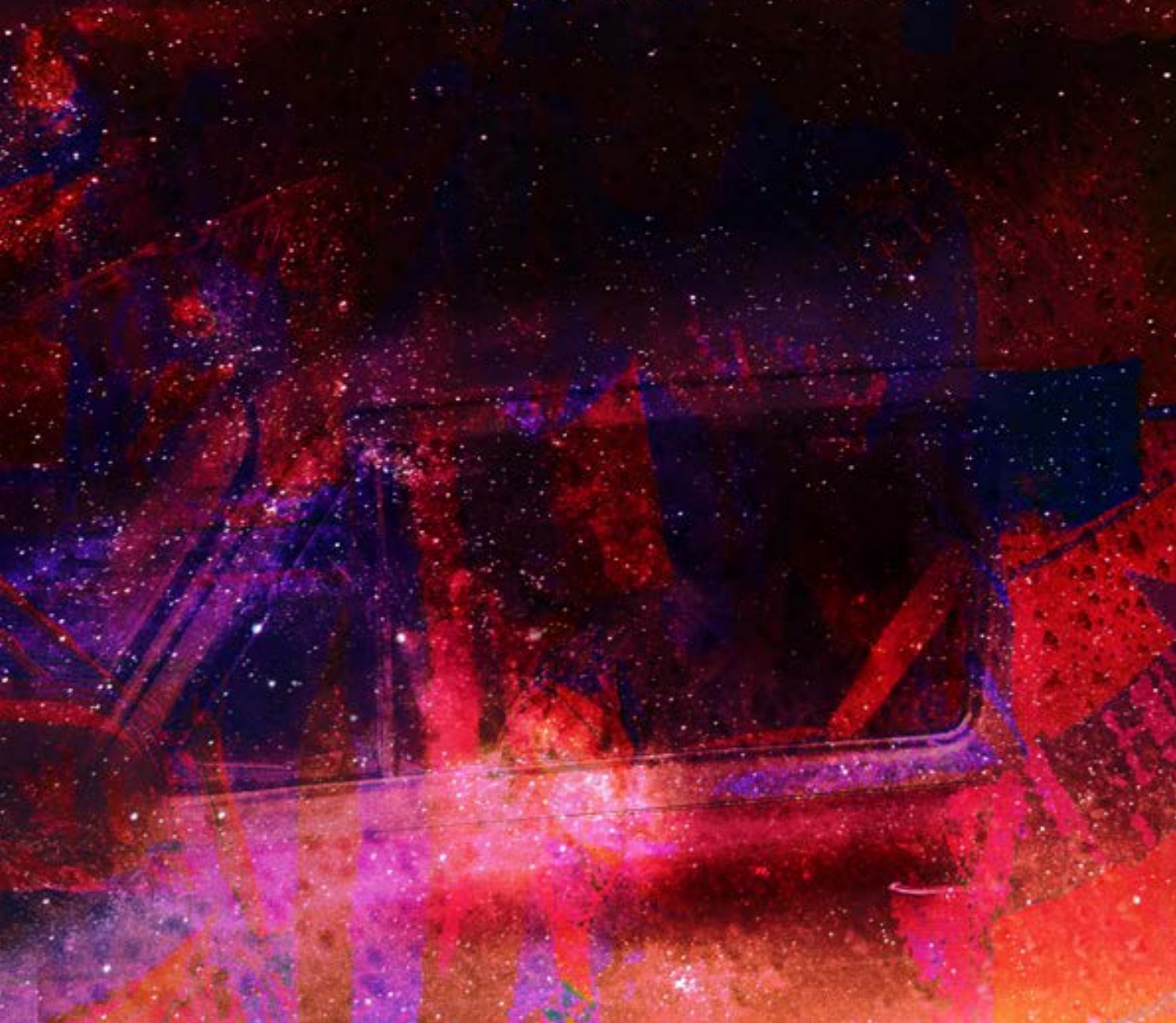
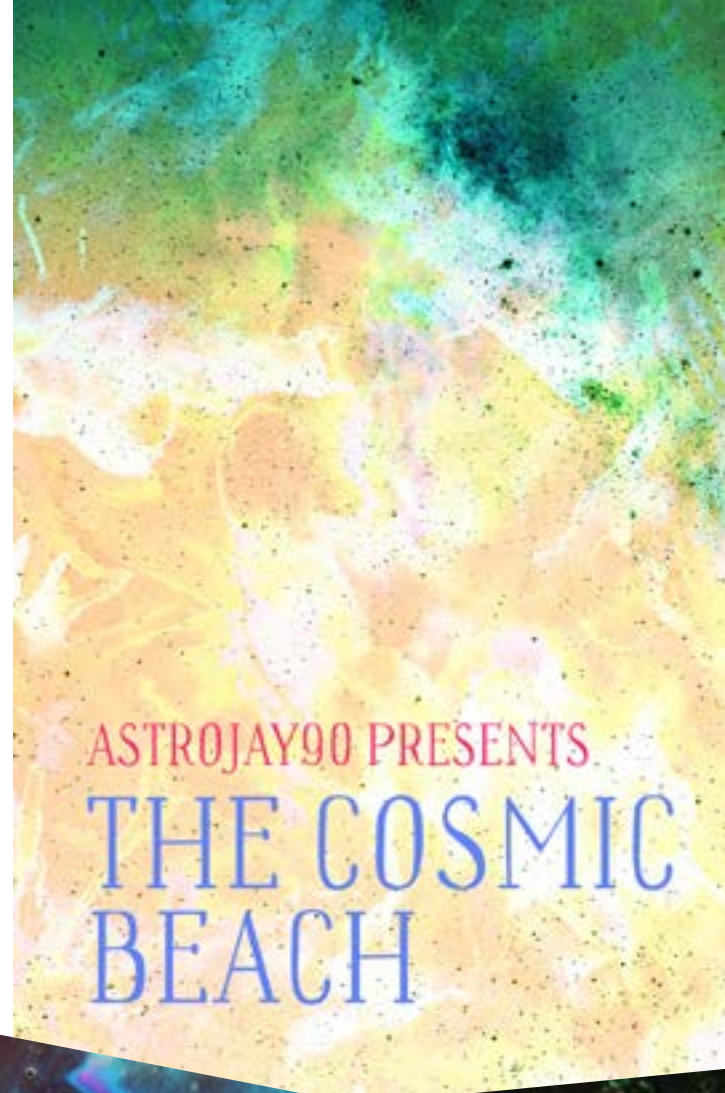


FAILED ARTIST COLLECTION

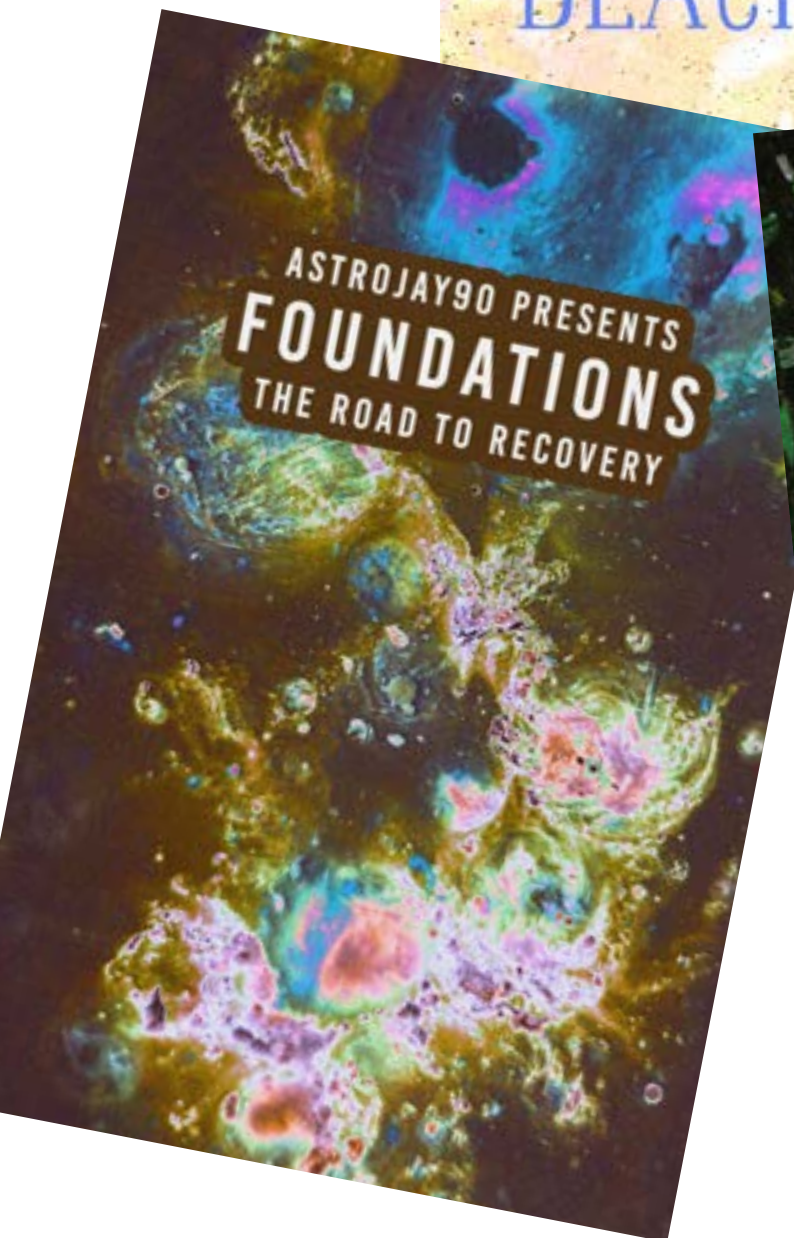
BERF

OF ASTROJAY90





ASTROJAY90 PRESENTS
**THE COSMIC
BEACH**



ASTROJAY90 PRESENTS
FOUNDATIONS
THE ROAD TO RECOVERY



ASTROJAY90 PRESENTS
FRAGMENTS
PIECES OF A BROKEN MIND

Foreword Edition

This book is a mixture of pieces that we're in the original releases of Fragments and Foundations, it's also got tons of unseen poetry from 2018-2020 and unseen poetry that was slated to be released in other books that didn't fit the new narrative. I hope you enjoy the experience of the self-righteous need for social action via #FailedArtist to the rebirth of AstroJay90 that looks to learn, to adapt, and to accept the way things are, to really understand it all. So we can create a better reality for everyone. As always enjoy the journey and we will catch you on the flip side.

AstroJay90 (Jason Ridpath), May 2020

#FailedArtist Deleted Everything

Not everybody wants to exist.
Too much pain - too much everything.
Anxiety over the nothing, anxiety over the washing, anxiety over the cooking, anxiety
over the shopping, anxiety about waking up.
How a broken keyboard could break a mind.
How a phone call breaks reality.
Impulsive rage implodes without notice.
Leaving a mist of confusion and a loss of memory.
Just cutting moments like a surreal vignette.
Embarrassed, honest, apologetic too.
Would have been so easy for you to reply.
To help a broken kid.
But, I understand that I'm a scary mess.
Just feel blessed to exist in a time like this.
The struggles and the success.
The emptying hand of fate.
You were always in control.

Self-Righteous Gnome

Take your election.
Take all your victories.
Take all your riches.
Take all the gold.
Tax everything and pollute our homes.
And tax us for the pollution you've sold.
Deport us to lands unknown.
Embarrassed to be living.
Embarrassed to be existing.
Embarrassed that you're so attached to a role.

Self-Righteous Gnome 2

Mind melting like the chocolate off the rice into the milk.
Crispy floats floating through the acid barrel.
Converting it all into energy.
Waste products.
Garbage trucks in recession.
So we sell our dirt to the highest bidder.
To keep our streets clean.
Just to dump them in rivers in a foreign land.

Self-Righteous Gnome 3

There was a self-righteous anger inside that nobody could see,
that's where my thoughts used to reside.
Unable to sleep at night with a cyclone of thoughts threatening to come true.
How the troubles of the economy are no long the troubles of scarcity.
Focusing on why so many are oversaturated and dripping in greed.
While they fill themselves, they starve others of what they need, we're all in this
together, that's what the motif did repeat.
While we get hostile austerity, we also get increasing corporate socialism, the
sheep baa to the beat of Murdoch's drum.
They baa to the beat of their ideology and their beliefs no matter how flawed they
might be.
A mirror can be uncomfortable viewing, allow it to rewire your reality.
Your reality has been manufactured by experience that's unique to you.
It can be reset and dismantled too.

Barriers

Barriers to access.

Barriers to opportunity.

Barriers to existing.

Barriers to living.

Mass market appeal.

Mass adoption, barely ten million living souls.

Economics Class 2006

Currently I've been understanding currency.
How it works and how it can benefit society.
The limits and the flaws - the ways to create a new economy.
The fear takes hold that I know that I am far from gold.
If truth be told I am the worst of the worse.
One day I will end up in the dirt.
Just don't you worry I will get what you think I deserve.
Hate me, hate me, hate me and yet you starve.
You waste all your time on me that you deprive your own humanity.
I've apologised profusely and I've mended my character.
No need forgiveness just offering you clarity.
Never did you no harm not intentionally.
Just a character for you to tear apart.
Oceans separate our hearts.
Gravity keeps us in touch but alas too far.
Hate me, hate me, hate me just to deny who you are.

State Of Decline

Sandcastles and quarantine.
Came when I needed harmony.
Too wounded to be wise.
Too wounded to be kind.
Just in a state of decline.
We just call it living.
Most take whilst some are giving.
They don't care about their limits.
Just in a state of decline.
Connected to it all when I am high.
Connected to it all when I am low.
No matter the state, we're connected to it all.

Just Be Mine

Taunting me with your lips, line after line that I've wrote, never shared a word.
That's our time, that's our life and that's our memories.
Secrets to keep for an eternity.
Don't regret anything with you.
Time can be a cruel mistress.
You'd rather sit back,
I'd rather clean,
distractions, misdirections,
but never be in doubt -
this will never run out.
Even when we argue, even when we shout.
You cringe, you pout, but we've got plenty to laugh about.
Plans change and the planets will rearrange to our design.
We just need to invest love.
We just need to invest the time.
Let's be honest.
Let's be divine.
Just be mine.

Primates In The Urban Jungle

Down in the urban jungle of the avenue, the primates are going crazy waiting for the news.
Will the bomb drop today or not, distracted by your role as if it will fill the empty holes.
Working for way less then you are worth and helping the destruction of the earth.
Don't worry it will be fine the earth will expel us to repair itself unless it needs our help.

Ghosted By You In Toulouse

Ghosted by you in Toulouse.
I had nothing to gain, I had nothing to lose.
Just a moment, like the one we had in June.
Can you call my name like then?
Just let me drown in your scent.
Your hand on my chest.
Our heads side by side.
Our hearts, our minds, not adhering to the rules of time.
Alive in the infinity, when Julember turned into 1965.
Never wanted to sleep.
Never wanted to dissolve this.
We just lay there.
Staring at the moon.
Dreaming of Toulouse.
I guess I never did get the news.
That you weren't really into dudes.
Guess that's why I got ghosted by you in Toulouse.

We're Alone In Rome

Did you ever think we'd get here?
Did you ever think it'd get so good?
Did you ever think we'd succumb?
Never did do quite enough, now the time's gone.
Those moments were now, now they're then, before that they were yet to come.
Unrealised moments - a seed waiting for the conditions to germinate and grow.
Don't need words to convey how I feel.
Don't need actions to convey how we feel.
Every moment is just another precious resource that we steal.
Wrong and right blur into apathy, as we blend into a universe of relative youth.
Only completed when there is nothing left to give.
Are you only dead when your words are no longer heard from the lips of another organism?
Or when you are no longer thought of again?
Form exists between different layers and states.
Impermanent existence always nourishing another ecosystem.
Transforming every second into bliss or blasphemous sin or endless lists.
Not one reality can be the same but they have similar traits.
Similar habits and similar taste, do we feel the connection beyond the grave.
Not just one add one, not just one as single, not just one as all.
All expressions of such in the background because in the foreground we fail to comprehend so much.
We can only feel it and some call it - God.
Some call it cosmic consciousness or some just call it waking up.
Some don't label it.
Some just exist.
Allowing each moment to give them a drip, just one droplet for them to sip.
They exhale out with a smile on their face.
Hydrated by the fountain in a place that my ancestors called home.
In that moment we're alone in Rome.
Still connected beyond our genome.
So when we're dead and gone remember to plant the seeds of hope.

Selling Your Dis-ease

American Dream.

Humanities compensation scheme.

Where the labour and consumers make you rich and the rich just ejaculate and scream.

Slobbering over the next desire, injecting their greed, scratching their skin for a fix as they practice the art of the deal.

Suffering seems to be a mountain that we can't move around.

You reach the top to be kicked back to the bottom.

Landslide of rocks crashing into your kitchen.

At home in the chaos.

Pineapple Peacocks

Pineapple peacocks let your lemon grass go.
I never knew that you needed some time to grow
Pineapple peacocks let your lemon grass go.
I never knew that you needed some time to grow.

I drink, I drank, and I followed it down to the hollow hole, as I walk towards it, it's
my feet it did swallow, my body being attracted to the ground.
So hot, so warm and so mellow.
Never been at such peace not since I hit rock bottom.

Sullen, forgotten somebody begging to be a nobody.
wishes for your suffering or your cries to be free.
Pass you by like a pauper on the streets.
The paper doth speaks and ragged clothes seep down the aisles of candy tears
never eaten, never shared.
Does any word care for its use or does it ignore the abuse, the way we butcher
what it's supposed to mean.

Pineapple peacocks let your lemon grass go.
I never knew that you needed some time to grow
Pineapple peacocks let your lemon grass go.
I never knew that you needed some time to grow.

Trek Wars XVI : The New, New Hope.

Faulty maths mixed with faulty maps.

Inhabiting our rational mind and trapping it into a four dimensional block.

Never seen a distant planet, never vomited on a hammock, not been believing in much since you left this body.

How much can one life take.

Everything, and it will, just not yet.

As long as we have that.

We can coalesce and create a new hope.

A Corner In LA

Go vegan.

He says, eating a Fishburger topped with an egg.

Drinking a milkshake with sprinkles of blue meth.

Just get some more heroin and shoot it up hen.

Aye, I will, so shut up or I'll drown you in the Glen.

Jekyll and Hyde but at the same time.

No room for breaths.

Just need my blue meth.

Came here for an escape.

Came here to be somebody.

Came here to light up the stage.

Pouring gasoline on the red oak floor.

Laying nude on a desk, waiting for the light to symbolise that we are on air.

Strike a match, strike a pose.

Destroying our mortal souls.

Kids in the street, mouth agaped while the vision screens project the burning flesh.

Don't Lose The New, New Hope

Kept safe in an unsafe world.

You know it's imperfect.

So you become afraid to rock the boat.

It's far from great but it could be much worse.

Look here, look there, it could be much worse.

Don't rock the boat.

It's far from great but it could be much worse.

Defeated attitude or just an observation.

Now, we can transform it all.

We can grow from the death and destruction of the previous centuries.

We can fruit new expressions of the one.

Don't lose your new, new hope.

Minus The Doubt

You can't run away all your life.
That's not how you survive.
Just a one way trip where you lose energy and time.
Wasting away because you've seen the end.
The now will always bend to your will.
We just have to go through all the pain and heartache.
Pain can lead to pleasure.
Pleasure can lead to pain.
They can lead to no reaction.
Just a fraction minus the doubt.

North By South

Dizzy how we're sizzling.
Warm pop drink it in.
Arms are hot 'n' the sweats dripping.
Scary Dali is visiting again.
Art resurrects you from death.
Brainwashed.
Bleached.
Media rhymes.
Another suicide.
Racism will never die cries white racist guy.
Where do our priorities lie.
There's only one limitation in this life.
That's our eventual mortal demise.
I must ask this burning question.
That pumps like molten lava in my veins.
Why do we not love the way we need to be loved or the way we deserve to be loved?
Beyond our cosmetic lust.
Life is too fleeting to be spending your whole life sleeping.
Am I still angry?
Yes, do I still have rage?
Yes, am I still learning?
Always, do I still feel the darkness?
Yes, now we play to create new form so nothing goes to waste.
Are you still going to judge me?
Yes, will it break me, no, will I think about it every waking moment.
I can't afford too, when we heal and when we transform this plane.
Come for me then or you can come for me now, I can practice my zen.
I can practice unconditional love.
I can listen and affirm how you feel.
I can offer my forgiveness for the way I've acted and reacted.
I can't sleep and expect everyone to heal with no help.
Feel free from the burdens that bury you into the ground.
Allow your sense of self to reset and for it to adapt.
Never cling to who you think you are or who you think you were or who you think you should be.

The Rapture

The moonlight watches over me whilst I'm running along the bank of the creek.
Running endlessly through this mess we call reality.

The ripples in the water turn into whispers, as Soren's siren overtakes my mind.
Death used to occupy it most of the time, fixated on the answers we can
only find with experience.

Too anxious to challenge the universe – too scared to admit that I am also
apart of the divine.

If I knew in a year, that I'd find peace, then I would've broke into pieces sooner.

So won't you beam me up to our new home planet.

Where we can be the jewels in Saturn's rings.

Dripping all that delicious matter out of our socks.

Where the form meets the formless, where the speaker and listener meet with no words,
undeniable understanding that's absent of the pretense of meaningful speech.

Nicotine, sugar, bread and meat.

Everyday of the week.

Even though it makes me feel weak.

Definitely addicted, even more than the other substances that have captured me.

Rapture take me - will I now feel complete.

Loops In Time

Travel through the swirly mess.
Upside down, right side up, another test.
Back, slide, and flipped.
Head smashed in.
Walls are falling, crumbling.
Loops in time.
Back and forth

Autopilot

"Where am I?"

"The astral plane", a garbled voice replies.

Humans aren't made to last.

Yet, we are able to adapt.

So why do we allow ourselves to be on autopilot?

Why do we waste moments unconsciously.

Rushing toward death even though you're clinging onto life.

Falling deeper into the fractal.

Wondering if this is all normal.

What's normal?

Nothing but a construct.

Art

When you create art it's never complete.

Always ageing.

Always adapting to the reality of the consumer.

Symbols and messages under the subtext.

Symbols and messages that allow you to catch another breath.

The meaning you once had becomes meaningful in a new way.

Becomes meaningful through a different lens.

Art creates aspiration for better days.

Art creates aspiration for better organisms.

Will It All Be Okay Tomorrow?

Will the trampoline be secure.
Will the lamppost fall on my car.
Will the tiles stay on the roof.
Will the wind stop howling.
Will the sun come out tomorrow.
Will the storm get worse or will it subside.
Will the turbines quiet.
Will the traffic ease.
Will tomorrow be another day.
Will today lead to another tomorrow.
Will this be the last moment we have.

Will It All Be Okay Today?

Energised like an american pie on steroids.

Bigger is always better until it explodes.

Let it shrink until it implodes, tiny dinosaurs with gnome fingers as a nose, 'can't breathe, octopus!'

Crying wind bag sounds like scrapping cats lifted up into a tornado.

No, no, you've done it all wrong like a two point prong or a lobster in a thong.

Will I Ever Be More Than Okay?

I don't know why people get so righteous.

Instead of being annoyed, be in wonder.

Don't waste moments by selling your productivity, for substantially less than what you need to thrive.

You are the power.

You are the good.

You are the time.

You are the currency.

Waste it all in woe just to relive it again.

Squander it all in sin just to relive it again.

Still in a play, stagnating during the performance.

You're an expression of the source.

We are connected through the divine.

Let's go to the cosmic beach sometime.

Let's swim in the cosmic sea.

Swim to the end and allow it all to fall like a pretty waterfall into the black hole.

Crying For The One

Looking for love inside a body of confusion.

Infusing self-destructive doubt, this isn't what I want it to be about.

You'll seek it and you'll find it.

You'll realise it was inside you all along.

What you were seeking was there all the time.

We were blinded by manifestation of the illusion.

We were blinded by the narrative of the way it was supposed to be.

You can't create a home on top of a black hole then cry when it returns to the one or creates a new one.

Ritual

On this day, as all days, we thank our direct line.
Fathers, mothers, their fathers and their mothers,
their fathers and their mothers, until the thread reaches back to the start.
The thread which spans all of humanity, that thread goes through every step of
our evolution and it goes through everything in this universe.
We're thankful for it all, for what led us here and for what helps to lead us there.

Ritual II

Turn the revolution into a brand and sell it back to them at a premium.
Everything you believe in sounds better from someone else's mouth.
When the internal externalises through other bodies – it feels absolute and complete.
Why do we need another to make our reality feel true.
We are sceptical of what we think to be true but we are dogmatic believers in what others agree to be true.
Consensus doesn't correlate truth it creates a warped idea of truth, that feels absolute.
With that creation there will be another who will take on the mantle to falsify it.
It will all be found to be false, the new truths are fated to the same demise.
Don't cling, don't get attached and remember we adapt to survive,
so future generations can thrive.

Ritual III

Without the previous sunrises,
without the previous sunsets,
without the famine,
without the trauma,
without the pleasure,
without the stagnation,
without the inflation,
without the deflation,
without the ism,
and without the worship of ism.

We would not be who we are.

We would not be where we are.

We would not be learning what we need to learn.

Just because it led us here doesn't mean it should be used to lead us there.

The lessons we've learned should be used to help us to adapt.

Imagine for a moment that true spirituality was allowed to exist through all of it's expressions.

Instead it's stuffed back in a box and sold back to us.

Where would we be now, how would we exist, would we understand that we are divine, that we're part of the one.

Would we have already colonised Mars, would we have expanded beyond our stars, would we have eliminated need.

In another universe this will have happened, 'ism and 'ist would reset and self-destruct, allowing realities to dissolve and be made in a new image without resistance.

Ritual IV

Every material,
every fibre,
every thread,
everything,

even the nothing is connected with everything in this system.

Beyond that who knows, we could zoom in for an infinity and we could zoom out for infinity.
We would notice the same patterns, we would notice the same habits and at different levels
we would see how the chaos coalesce to create new forms.

Reberf From The Erf

The oppressors are oppressed.

The suppressed are oppressed

The depressed are oppressed.

The freed are oppressed.

Free us all from these chains.

Free us all from these constructs.

Free us all from these concepts which we have in our head.

Forgive as much as we can.

Learn so we don't have to forgive as much.

Compassion, bravery and courage.

Aspire to be a symbol of true liberty.

Use our connection to the divine to manifest a better reality.

Soon it will all change.

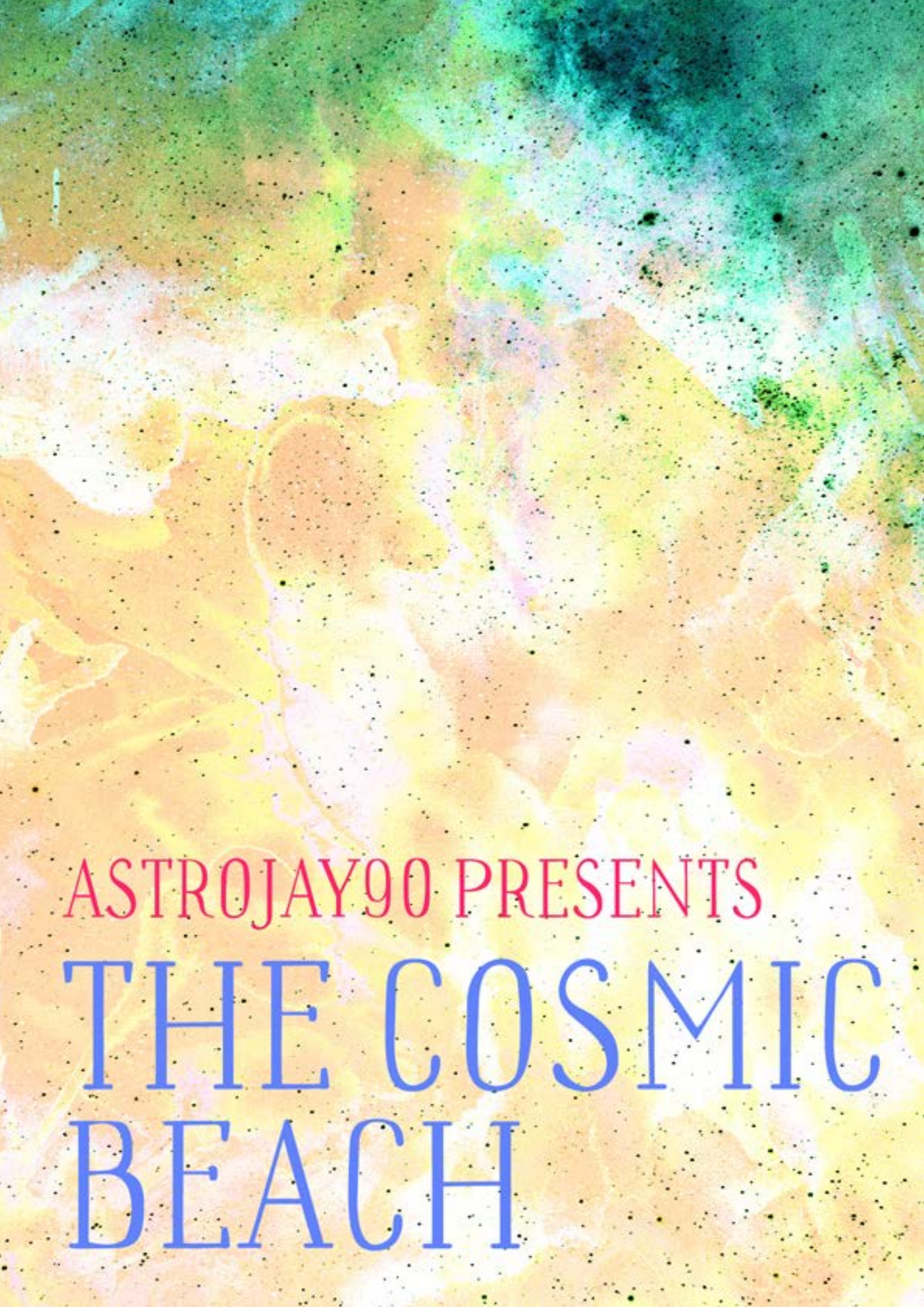
Everything will change, it will hurt like giving birth but the rewards are worth every second of pain.

Don't cling, it will all come to pass.

Let's make it all better before we have our last laugh.

Don't divide, unite.

Don't fight, collaborate, we can rid organisms of the need for hate.



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